

FIRST CLASSIC RACE OF SEASON TO-DAY.

The Daily Mirror

20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1923

One Penny.

PREMIER'S SEA TRIP



Mr. Bonar Law on the deck of the Dutch liner Princess Juliana just before she sailed from Southampton yesterday. The Premier is taking a short sea voyage on her to Genoa, where she is expected to arrive next Wednesday after calling at Algiers.

TO-DAY'S CLASSIC RACE



Lord Furness' Legality, strongly fancied for to-day's Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket.

LONDON DOG ACCUSED IN THE HIGH COURT



Bob, the Airedale owned by Mr. James Newbury (right), of Holloway, who was alleged at the Law Courts yesterday to have bitten Mrs. Fairclough (inset). Bob first, it was said, engaged in a fight with Caesar, a Mrs. Bryant's dog. Judgment for Mr. Newbury.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Mr. B. Irish's Papyrus is a well-liked candidate.



Sir John Robinson, the owner of Duncan Gray, with Lady Robinson, who shares his hope for victory.



Parth, owned by Mr. Mathuradas Goculdas, with his jockey, A. Walker.

Although some of the leading horses have been scratched, there is the greatest interest in the first classic race of the season, the Two Thousand Guineas. There are likely to be about twenty runners, and the public fancy is shared among some four or five of them. It is thus a very open event, and another surprise win is quite possible.—(See also page 20.)

TWO DOGS IN THE HIGH COURT.

Woman Says She Was Bitten When They Fought

BOB AND CAESAR.

Plaintiff Carried Out in Hysterics During Case.

Cesar and Bob, two dogs whose personal difference in a public-house resulted in a lawsuit, appeared in the King's Bench Division yesterday, when a woman claimed damages, alleging she had been bitten by Bob.

Mrs. Fairclough, of Liverpool-street, Islington, sued Mr. James Newbury, licensee of the Lord Nelson Public-house, Holloway, for damages because, she alleged, she had been seriously bitten by his dog during a fight.

"Tremblings" came over, she stated, as a result of the wound, and she became absent-minded. Witnesses testified to Bob's good nature.

During the hearing of the case Mrs. Fairclough became hysterical, and had to be taken out of court. The jury found judgment for defendant with costs accordingly.

BOB'S GOOD NATURE.

Owner Says He Has Let Little Girl Ride on His Back.

Serjeant Sullivan, K.C., for Mrs. Fairclough, said his client was fifty, and was a demonstrator of labour-saving appliances.

She entered a small private bar of the Lord Nelson with other women friends, one of whom had a small dog of the aged and toothless type.

Mr. Newbury's Airedale dog entered the room and rushed at the other animal. An employee of the defendant came in and started dragging the Airedale out of the room by its tail. As it passed Mrs. Fairclough it bit her.

Mr. Newbury came in and told her to go to his doctor, and he would pay the fees. She did so, but although the wound was cauterised her leg began to swell, and her nerves became so seriously affected that she could not work.

Mrs. Fairclough, giving evidence, explained that her stocking was torn when the dog bit her.

After the doctor cauterised the wounds her leg began to swell and "tremblings" came over her. She became nervous and absent-minded. Later the defendant offered her ten shillings.

ENTER CAESAR.

Mrs. Bryant came into court leading the dog Caesar, with whom Bob was alleged to have fought. His Lordship observed that there was place into which Mary's little lamb could not be allowed to follow. "I would rather he is inside," he added.

It was explained that Caesar had no teeth and did bite nobody.

Mr. James Newbury said a little girl had ridden on Bob's back, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he was in the habit of snapping at people. His dog did not bite the plaintiff.

Several other witnesses gave evidence about the animal's friendly disposition.

Bob, a strongly-built Airedale, was brought into court and patting by counsel.

Mr. Thorne Druay, was addressing the Court when Mrs. Fairclough, seated at the solicitor's table, became hysterical, struggled violently and commenced to scream. It was with difficulty that she was carried out of court by her relatives.

His Lordship found no evidence of negligence by the defendant. It was not negligence, he said, for a man to keep in his house a dog that, while otherwise docile, attacked another dog that came into the house.

MOTOR-LORRY AMOK.

Three Children Injured During Wild Downhill Dash of Vehicle.

Three children were seriously injured yesterday by a runaway motor-lorry, which careered wildly down Dover-street, Folkestone.

The street is one of the narrowest and steepest in the town, and at the time was crowded with shoppers, who made a panic-stricken rush for safety.

Owing to the brakes slipping the lorry, which was laden with coal, ran downhill, out of control, for about 500 yards, and finally crashed into a barber's shop, wrecking it. One of the injured children was a six-weeks-old baby in a perambulator.

TABLE TENNIS FINAL TO-NIGHT.

The concluding games of *The Daily Mirror* All-English Table Tennis Championships opened yesterday afternoon at Selfridge's and they will be continued to-night at the Stadium Club, Holborn, where the semi-final and final rounds will be played. Lord Desborough will present the prizes at the conclusion of the matches. A detailed report of the championships will appear in all editions of Friday's *Daily Mirror*.

"THE GUINEAS."

Lord Woolavington's "Outsider" for Classic Race.

SCRATCHED FAVOURITES.

The first classic race of the season will be decided at Newmarket to-day when about sixteen horses will face the starter for the Two Thousand Guineas.

The King, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are at Newmarket.

Lord Woolavington caused a big sensation by his withdrawal on Monday of Town Guard, that would doubtless have been favourite. He will now rely on the well-bred Knocknagoe, which has not yet raced.

This son of Phalaris is spoken well of, and many of those who follow coincidences will venture a little on him when they remember the victory of the despised St. Louis from Gilpin's stable last year. Lord Astor has also been unlucky with Light Hand and will now rely on Saltash.

Drake, another of last season's top-class two-year-olds, will not run for Mrs. Whitburn.

The best of to-day's horses appears to be Legality, which belongs to Lord Fverson.

On page 18 Bonverie gives his reasons why he thinks Legality will win.

STOPPED AT STATION.

Ex-Soldier in Abduction Charge Says Love Led the Way.

Charged with the attempted abduction of Beatrice Mantle (seventeen), Robert Mulvenna, an ex-soldier of Tonawanda, was committed for trial at Colchester yesterday.

For the prosecution it was stated that Mulvenna met a married sister of the girl on a liner going to America last year, and when he came to Colchester recently he invited Beatrice to go to Canada with him.

His landlady communicated certain suspicions to the police, who arrived at the railway station just in time.

Mulvenna protested that it was a case of love leading the way.

HEROIC PIT BOY.

"Save the Pony First," He Says, When Trapped in Coal Mine.

"Save the pony first," was the request of Robert H. Maltby (fifteen), of Nottingham, who was fatally injured in Radford Colliery when he and his pony were trapped by tubs, through the roof falling.

"The finest boy we had in the pit," was a colliery official's tribute at the inquest. Verdict: Accidental Death.

PARIS MAY DAY 'BATTLE'

Sixty Hurt in Fight with Police—Three Killed in Madrid.

Thirty policemen were injured, one stabbed seriously, in May Day disturbances in Paris. About thirty demonstrators were injured, says a Reuter Paris telegram.

Four police cyclists were hemmed in by unruly elements outside the Labour Headquarters in the Rue Granges, and one was stabbed.

Attempting to restrain the mob, other police drew their swords and attacked the crowd. A violent conflict, in which bottles were used as missiles, ensued for half an hour, thirty being injured on each side.

Three Killed in Madrid.—Two May Day demonstrators and a police inspector were killed, and a soldier wounded, in an exchange of shots during a police charge in Madrid.

The "Red Flag" was sung, and cheers raised for the Soviet Republic yesterday, when two thousand May Day demonstrators marched from Hyde Park to the Japanese Embassy in Grosvenor-square to demand the withdrawal of Japanese troops from Saghalien.

Bermudsey Borough Council, in spite of the protests of several members, decided last night to pay unemployed men engaged on relief work their wages for a May Day holiday at a cost of £100.

HOW TO MAKE A WILL.

Probate Court Judge's Advice on Need for Two Witnesses.

The number of cases where people elected to make their own wills and yet rendered the wills invalid by neglecting to have two witnesses at the same time to witness the signature was commented upon by Sir Henry Duke in the Probate Court yesterday.

In pronouncing against such a will, and granting administration of the estate as an intestacy, Sir Henry said this was the second case in four days in which the testamentary intention of deceased persons had been defeated by failure to observe the requirement of the Wills Act—that a will must be executed in the presence of two witnesses, who must sign it in the testator's presence.



Sir Henry Duke.

ARCHBISHOP'S CHAIN.

The King's Gift to Dr. Lang for Personal Services.

ROYAL WEDDING HONOUR.

The conferment of the Royal Victorian chain upon the Archbishop of York was announced in last night's *London Gazette*.

The Victorian Chain is the highest order conferred for personal services to the Sovereign, and the only other holders outside the royal family are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Marquis of Crewe, Marquis Curzon and Lord Hardinge.

Its conferment upon the Archbishop of York is dated April 28, the date of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York. At this ceremony, and also at the wedding of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles he delivered the address.



Rev. Dr. Lang.

BOYS' ISLAND LURE.

Return from Runaway Trip to Isle of Wight to Find Jobs.

The glorious adventure of two Kensington choirboys, who took train from Victoria after church on Sunday to the Isle of Wight, ended prospectively enough in their school class-rooms yesterday.

The young adventurers one named Parish (thirteen), and Robert Hobbs (eleven), were taken back to school by their mothers, who wanted to make sure that the boys really did go.

The boys arrived at the Isle of Wight at eight o'clock on Sunday night, but their funds were then exhausted, and they were forced to spend the night under a hedge.

A policeman found them in a lane the next morning, cold and hungry and very miserable.

They were fed by the Newport police, placed in a locked railway carriage in charge of the guard, and returned to their anxious parents.

"When asked my school how they expected to get the money for their return fare," said Mrs. Parish to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "he said they had thought they might get jobs, and so save enough to come and see us sometime or other."

£30,000 FOR ATHLETES.

M.P.s Support Plan to Send Strong Contingent to Olympic Games.

M.P.s interested in the promotion of Olympic Games to be held in Paris next year met at the House of Commons yesterday and undertook to do all they could to create public interest in a proposal to raise £30,000 in order to send to Paris a body of athletes thoroughly representative of this country.

The members who attended were: Sir J. Park Giff, who presided, the Marquis of Titchfield, Sir Harry Brittain, Mr. J. O'Grady, Mr. P. J. Hannan, Sir Walter de Frece, Captain W. Brass, Hon. E. Cadogan, Sir Leonard Brasse, Colonel Howard Kory, Mr. P. J. Ford, Major T. Hay and the Hon. Esmund Harcourt.

General R. J. Kentish, hon. secretary of the British Olympic Association, said £17,000 of the £30,000 had been either paid or promised.

An appeal had been issued to all mayors to lend assistance in raising contributions, and a very good response had been made.

Members of both Houses of Parliament were invited to raise a sum of £3,000, £1,500 from each House.

GASWORKS FIRE THRILL.

Blazing Stream of Tar Checked on Way to Sunninghill Gasometers.

After an inch by inch fight with the flames, an alarming fire at the Sunninghill works of the Ascof Gas and Electricity Co. last night was overcome when the burning tar overcame.

Noon after nine o'clock dense clouds of smoke were seen coming from the distillery, where several hundreds of gallons of tar are stored.

In a few minutes the whole plant was in flames and the burning tar overcame and ran in a stream of fire down the slope towards the gasometers.

Fortunately one of the officials obtained a stock of patent extinguishers from the Sunninghill Picture House, and inch by inch the flames were driven back and eventually overcome.

WIRELESS DEADLOCK.

Conference To-day on Broadcasting of Theatre Programmes.

A conference between the British Broadcasting Company and the theatre representatives to discuss the broadcasting of plays and other performances was held to-day.

No basis of discussion has been set out, and at the moment there is a complete deadlock. Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes presided yesterday at the first meeting of the Committee to consider the agreement between the Post Office and the Broadcasting Company.

Evidence will to-day be given by representatives of the Post Office.

POISON VICTIM'S PROGRAMME.

Written Plan for Suicide in a Strand Office.

INSOMNIA TRAGEDY.

Coroner on Danger of Giving Drug Prescriptions.

"Medical men should realise the danger of issuing prescriptions for drugs without seeing that they are not to be repeated."

This warning was uttered yesterday by Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner, who inquired at Westminster into the tragedy of Harris Allaun, aged thirty, who was found dead from veronal poisoning in a Strand office.

A piece of paper was found near Allaun's body bearing the words: "Water. Will. Collar and tie. Prepare floor. Get out quick."

The Coroner took the words to mean: "Have water; see will is in order; undo collar and tie; prepare the floor with newspapers, and get out of it." The verdict was Suicide while of unsound mind.

DANGER OF VERONAL.

Coroner's Duel with Doctor Who Prescribed the Drug.

A brother-in-law stated that Allaun was formerly a medical student.

Sergeant Murray stated that, acting under instructions, he forced the door of the office, and there saw Allaun lying on his back.

Five phials, four of which contained veronal tablets, were on the desk.

Dr. Rose, who conducted a post-mortem, said it appeared that deceased had not been in the habit of taking drugs. Death was due to veronal poisoning.

Dr. Alexander Archibald, of Shooters Hill, said some time ago Allaun came to him and said he was suffering from insomnia.

On Allaun promising that he would only take one tablet, and that only when necessary, witness gave him the prescription for twelve tablets or veronal.

Last March deceased came to see Dr. Archibald again, and asked if he would give him a prescription for more than twelve tablets.

"TREATED LIKE A SCHOOLBOY."

The Coroner: You knew the danger of giving veronal, because the person who takes it is apt to take too much.—I impressed that upon him.

Then why didn't you mark on the prescription not to be repeated?—I did that in the first prescription, but deceased told me that he had been a medical student himself, and I was treating him like a schoolboy.

You didn't, however, mark the present prescription?—No; he was anxious that I should not treat him like a schoolboy.

Then he over-ruled you?—He did.

In summing-up, the coroner said there was no doubt that death was due to veronal.

If deceased was anxious to go to sleep, it was not likely that he would take veronal in the office, where there was no bed.

PRINCE AND LADY.

Opposition M.P.s To Be Presented at Lady Astor's Dinner Party.

A number of Labour M.P.s have accepted an invitation to a dinner-party at Lady Astor's house in St. James's-square on May 15 to meet the Prince of Wales.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Leader of the Opposition, will attend, writes *The Daily Mirror* Parliamentary Correspondent.

The attitude of Mr. MacDonald is believed to be that, while he is prepared to respond to invitations to State functions, he is not disposed to be the guest of society hostesses, even for the purpose of meeting members of the Royal Family.

The Prince of Wales reaches Victoria at half-past eight to-night from Belgium and from his tour of the battle-fields in France.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Fine; temperature rising. Lighting-up time, 9.21 p.m.

R.A. Leaves £21,162.—Sir J. J. Shannon, R.A., left £21,162.

Betting Tax Committee holds its first meeting to-morrow.

West Ham team will be guests at a dinner given by the mayor on Monday.

Lady Longhurst, wife of Sir Henry Longhurst, Hon. Daniel Surgeon to the King, has died at Hampton Hill.

Admiral W. S. Gowers, of the U.S. Navy, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, died yesterday in Connecticut.—Central News.

Illegal Trawling.—Captain Elliot, in the Commons last night, promised to recommend the appointment of a Committee to consider illegal trawling off the Scottish East Coast.

Curate Sentenced.—John Hewitt, thirty-two, curate of St. Saviour's, Brockley, S.E., was sentenced at the Old Bailey yesterday to twelve months (second division) for an alleged offence in Ruskin Park. He said he would appeal.

ALLIES TO RECEIVE NEW GERMAN OFFER TO-DAY

Paris Forecast of Payment of £1,500,000,000 Spread Over Eight Years.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM UNLIKELY TO ACCEPT

Berlin Willing for Conference to Decide Whether Germany Can Pay More—Ruhr To Be Evacuated.

Germany's new reparations offer, decided upon yesterday, will be in the hands of the Allies to-day.

The total payments proposed, according to Paris reports, are £1,500,000,000 spread over eight years. An International Conference is suggested to decide whether Germany can pay more. The total of reparations fixed by the Allies a year ago was £6,600,000,000.

Other main features of the new offer are stated to be: A military pact between France and Germany; settlement of coal delivery; evacuation of the Ruhr.

The French Press condemns these proposals in advance as unacceptable. The offer is declared to be a washing of Germany's hands in the face of England.

NO SETTLEMENT LIKELY NO "WET" SHIP TO ENTER AMERICAN PORTS.

"Germans Washing Hands in Face of England."

NOTE NOW DRAFTED.

BERLIN, Tuesday.

The German Government last evening decided on the terms of the new Reparations Note, which to-day will be communicated to the leaders of the parties and to the State Premiers.

It is stated that the Note will be dispatched simultaneously to-morrow morning to Paris, Brussels, London, Rome and Washington.—Reuter.

Giving an idea of the plan the German Government are preparing to submit, the Berlin correspondent of the Paris Journal says it includes:—

Payment of £1,000,000,000 to be made with the shortest delay.

Payment of £500,000,000 within a period of eight years. Payments to be made every four years.

Industrial, financial and political guarantees for convocation of an International Conference in which German experts would be allowed to take part, the aim of which would be to determine whether Germany is able to pay more than £1,500,000,000.

PARIS SCEPTICAL.

The conclusion between France and Germany of a military guarantee pact of long duration. Settlement of coal delivery.

The Ruhr to be evacuated as soon as the agreement is settled.

The *Petit Parisien* (says the Exchange) asserts that if the Reichstag proposes only a thirty milliard payment per year, and also demands the immediate evacuation of the Ruhr, the German proposals are already condemned.

The German Government, continues the paper, only present these to wash their hands in the eyes of England.

POINCARÉ WAITS ON BERLIN.

According to the *Paris Journal* (which Reuter quotes), it was decided in the course of the conversations between Mr. Poincaré and M. Barthou that it would be better to postpone all discussion by the French and Belgian delegates of the question of reparations until Berlin presents its scheme.

This decision is easily explained, says the paper. There is reason to suppose that no German proposal would be acceptable, and that if a Franco-Belgian plan were announced the Germans would not fail to ask the French and Belgians what they themselves proposed.

Thus the conversations which the Germans desired would be opened up.

The best means of avoiding any discussion, the *Journal* continues, is to show that France and Belgium are awaiting only one thin germ of Germany, namely acceptance of the debt fixed by the statement of payments on May 5, 1921—viz., £6,600,000,000.

SMALLPOX RAGES FOR A YEAR.

Disease Picking Out Unvaccinated—Fresh Cases Every Day.

Smallpox has raged at Basford, Nottingham, for over a year.

Dr. Parkinson, the medical officer, says smallpox will continue to spread for years unless vaccination is made compulsory.

"The disease is picking out all the unvaccinated population," he says. "I can do nothing with contact cases because my hands are tied by the Ministry of Health regulations. Fresh cases are being reported every day."

Fresh Court Ruling Places Liners in Quandary.

MAJESTIC'S LIQUOR LOAD.

The United States Supreme Court's ruling that no ship may carry intoxicating liquors into American ports or territorial waters, came as a bombshell to the shipping companies as well as the many Americans now visiting London.

An official of the White Star line said the ruling would be considered immediately and steps would have to be taken to meet the restrictions.

"As in the past," he declared, "we shall refrain as far as possible from doing anything to provoke the displeasure of the U.S. Government, but, at the same time, we hope they will not act too severely."

Alternative courses before the companies, it was pointed out, are:—

To "go dry" entirely.

To set up depot ships off-shore.

To run "wet" vessels and only.

To use a Canadian port.

The official mentioned that the following were the Majestic's liquor requirements for a round trip:—80,000 bottles of ale, 1,000 quarts of champagne; 1,500 pints of champagne, 1,500 pints of other wines, 4,000 bottles of whisky, brandy and gin, 300 bottles of liquors.

Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, has stated that "ships now at anchor will be affected by the new rules—when they are published—and even should the new ruling be applied in all its rigour, reasonable notice may be expected."

THE STADIUM STAMPEDE.

Commons Development Likely To-day—Victims Going on Well.

Another meeting of the Board of Directors of the British Empire Exhibition will, it is understood, be held to-day to investigate further the causes of Saturday's Cup Final disorder at the Stadium.

Probably the general development of the controversy will be indicated in the Commons to-day, when, at the instigation of the Home Secretary, Mr. Jack Jones, M.P., will repeat his question as to the need for a public inquiry.

All those who were injured at the Stadium on Saturday, and who were admitted to the Wilkesden General Hospital, were reported yesterday to be going on satisfactorily.

PREMIER'S SEA VOYAGE.

Embarks with His Son at Southampton—ton in L'ner for Genoa.

Mr. Bonar Law's holiday, which his doctors have advised on account of his throat trouble, began yesterday when he sailed from Southampton for Genoa.

The Premier motored down from London with his son, Mr. Richard Law, who will accompany him on the voyage, and embarked in the Princess Juliana, a Dutch liner of 8,000 tons.

After embarking the Premier strolled on the main deck of the liner, warmly wrapped in a fur-collared coat. On entering his state-room he found a large bouquet and carnations and lilies of the valley.

The Princess Juliana will call at Algiers on the way to Genoa. Mr. Bonar Law is expected to return during the Whitsun holiday.



Cardinal Bourne, who yesterday celebrated the 27th anniversary of his consecration as a Bishop. He is 62.



John Griffiths, aged 65 at Bromley, Kent, for not giving proper care and attention to fowls at Cudham.

WILL TURF HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF TO-DAY?

Lord Woolavington's "Outsider" for the Classic Race.

SCRATCHED FAVOURITES.

The first classic race of the season will be decided at Newmarket to-day when about twenty horses will face the starter for the Two Thousand Guineas.

The King, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are at Newmarket.

Lord Woolavington caused the big sensation of the race by his withdrawal of Town Guard on Monday.

If the colt had gone to the post he would undoubtedly have been favourite.

Lord Woolavington will now rely on the well-bred Knockadoc, which has never yet run in a race.

This son of Phalaris is spoken well of, and many of those who follow coincidences will venture a little on him when they remember the victory of the despised St. Louis from Gilpin's stable last year.

Lord Astor has also been unlucky with Light Hand, which was expected to play an important part in this season's classic events. Lord Astor will now rely on Saltash.

Drake, another of last season's top-class two-year-olds, will not run for Mrs. Whitburn.

Many people would have chosen one of the three last back-entrants as their representative for the classics, and we may yet find one of them coming up in the Derby.

The best of to-day's horses appears to be Legality, which belongs to Lord Furness.

On page 18 *Bonnie* gives his reasons why he thinks Legality will win.

MOTOR-LORRY RUNS AMOK.

Three Children Injured During Wild Downhill Dash of Vehicle.

Three children were seriously injured yesterday by a runaway motor-lorry, which careered wildly down Dover-street, Folkestone.

The street is one of the narrowest and steepest in the town, and at the time was crowded with shoppers, who made a panic-stricken rush for safety.

Owing to the brakes slipping the lorry, which was laden with coal, ran downhill, out of control, for about 500 yards, and finally crashed into a barber's shop, wrecking it. One of the injured children was a six-weeks-old baby in a perambulator.

ROYAL VISIT TO ROME.

King and Queen to Leave Dover on Saturday—Prince's Return To-day.

The King and Queen will arrive at Dover Marine Station at 6 p.m. on Saturday en route for Rome.

They will cross the Channel to Calais in the mail packet *Barnitz*.

The Prince of Wales is crossing to Dover on his return from Belgium in the destroyer *Waterhen*. He will reach Dover at 6.30 this evening.

CITY OF SICKNESS.

Appalling Revelations of Dundee's Poverty and High Infant Death-Rate.

Appalling revelations of excessive sickness, poverty and high infant mortality in Dundee are made in a report by the Trade Unions Approved Society.

No fewer than 123 women were drawing the disabled benefit, the majority of whom were unlikely ever to be fit to resume work. Many women had to do heavy work during periods of delicate health.

The report adds that eleven women whom Miss Quail, an investigator, visited had between them given birth to seventy-eight children, forty-nine of whom were dead—a death-rate of 52 per cent. "One poor thing," adds Miss Quail, "had given birth to twelve children, all of whom were dead."

Miss Quail visited a number of the disabled cases, "mostly hopeless folk existing under conditions which perpetuate hopelessness."

JIM LARKIN THE NEW TROUBLE IN IRELAND.

"To Right Wrongs" Regardless of Cost.

DE VALERA'S TRUCE.

No Note Regarding Peace Terms from Him.

De Valera's order to the irregulars to suspend all operations against the Free State came into force on Monday, and people have been wondering why the Government has not yet issued a reply to his peace offer.

The fact is the Government has received no communication from De Valera and knows nothing of the much-discussed peace terms beyond what has appeared in the newspapers.

De Valera has not so far paid the Government the compliment of sending it a copy of his offer, and until he does there can be no formal reply. The whole matter will be raised when the Dail reconvenes. The Government will then outline its attitude in regard to peace.

Meanwhile the truce called by Mr. De Valera and his Chief of Staff is being observed.

There is a new trouble to be faced, however, for Jim Larkin announces that he has got to right some wrongs for the working-men regardless of cost.

He took the reins again at Liberty Hall yesterday, but all is not going well there. The usual for leadership is obscuring the union's general plan of campaign.

LARKIN TO GO TO BELFAST.

Larkin declares that his motto is "Principles, not men." His rival is Thomas Foran, who has guided the destinies of the Transport Union for seven years.

Cool, shrewd and easy-going, he is a striking contrast to Larkin, and he has a considerable and influential following.

Larkin announced yesterday that he is going to Belfast, in spite of Northern Government's ban. He will also visit Galway and other cities to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Transport Union in these centres.

The *Irish Times* stated yesterday:—

Everybody believes—rightly we hope and pray—that the Free State has passed through its darkest hour and is facing the dawn.

A new spirit is at work in the people's hearts. They are impatient not merely of the bloodshed and material loss of recent months, but of all the dirt and laxity and shabbiness that has crept across the land.

SIR HENRY WILSON'S ROBE.

Lady Wilson has presented to Belfast the late Sir Henry Wilson's robe of Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

The British destroyer *Sarpedon* arrived at Londonderry yesterday for the state visit of the Ulster Governor to-day. Bluejackets will help to line the route of the Vice-regal procession.

As a result of communications which have passed between the Admiralty and Sir James Craig, the First Battle Squadron will visit Belfast Lough from May 21 to May 24.

"OUR AIR FORCE TOO WEAK."

R.A.F. in Near East for Economy Reasons, Says Sir Samuel Hoare.

A national air policy, "one of the basic conditions of Imperial defence," was the subject dealt with by Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for Air, at the Constitutional Club yesterday.

"Judged by every standard of defence, our Air Force at present is not strong enough," declared Sir Samuel. "How it will develop and to what size it will develop I cannot tell in detail to-day."

He outlined the necessity for an extensive development of Imperial air communications.

Dealing with the criticism which had been levelled against the Government's air policy, Sir Samuel said the Royal Air Force to-day was in the Near East on the grounds of financial economy.

Whatever might be their views upon the policing of the Near East, he thought they would agree it was an interesting experiment to see how far they could control these distant parts of the Empire with few aeroplanes rather than with armies and infantry ground troops.

CRASHED INTO COTTAGES.

Bus Knocks Down Brickwork and Damages Furniture.

Another accident occurred at Whyteleafe on Monday night, when a bus on its way from Caterham to London swerved at a bad patch in the road where trenching has been carried out for drainage works and, mounting the pavement, entered the already ruined gardens of two cottages, which were damaged by Sunday night's accident.

The vehicle crashed into one of the cottages, knocking down some brickwork, smashing the window and damaging furniture. The occupants of the cottage fortunately were in a back room. Several passengers on the bus were badly shaken.

An apple a day
keeps the doctor
away!



Get busy buying apples
while the buying is good

Those fine, rich, luscious, health-giving apples from the other side of the world will not be obtainable for very long.

Buy them while you can, for the sake of all the family. Apples bring health to young and old. They clear the eye and clear the mind.

"Apple eating," says a famous doctor, "postpones the stodginess of middle-age." Keep up the healthy apple habit.

Apples

Issued by the
National Fruit Trades Federation

just arrived from
**TASMANIA
AUSTRALIA &
NEW ZEALAND**



BLUEBELL SUNDAY

SUNDAY next is Bluebell Sunday. No floral festival of the year is more delightful than this, when the woodland greenery is at its freshest, and tree stems rise as from azure bluebell-seas.

Beechwoods of Buckinghamshire are never more alluring, not in Autumn even, than in their thin April veils of greenery, and are famed for bluebells and violets, as for their present-day display of cherry-blossom. And seas of bluebells spread over London's country to the South: in the wooded country about Ottershaw, South of Chertsey; in the rich woods between Hook and Leatherhead, and in all the Dorking countryside; in the woods of the downs South of Croydon—Chaldon, Chelsham, and Farley way: in Reigate Park; and on the Kent uplands. Nearer London, there are bluebells on Wimbledon Common, in Richmond Park, and, of course, in Kew Gardens.

L.G.O.C. BLUEBELL ROUTES

Route	From	To
90	CHARING CROSS	CHERTSEY
107	CLAPHAM COMMON	DORKING
80A	CHARING CROSS	WALTON-ON-THE-HILL
59	CAMDEN TOWN	REIGATE
47	SHOREDITCH	GREEN STREET GREEN
21B	WOOD GREEN	FARNINGHAM
10A	ELEPHANT AND CASTLE	EPING TOWN
85	PUTNEY BRIDGE STATION	DORKING
84	GOLDERS GREEN	ST. ALBANS

Ma

"Underground" Announcement No. 59, 1923



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Crown Toilet Dainties are ideal for preserving the charm and freshness of youth. Their purity is guaranteed by skilled chemists, under whose expert supervision every product is prepared. We want you to test them for yourself entirely free of charge.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

To readers of the *Daily Mirror*, we will send upon receipt of the attached Coupon (together with three penny stamps to cover in part the cost of postage and packing), the Crown Beauty Box, containing generous samples of the famous preparations, including Crown Vanishing Cream, Complexion Powder, Tooth Paste, Talcum Powder, etc., together with a 24-page Booklet, entitled "Crown Aids to Beauty"—a perfect mine of information for the woman who values her appearance.

Crown Vanishing Cream, a delightfully soothing and refreshing non-greasy preparation which imparts a velvety smoothness to the complexion and eradicates wrinkles.

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Crown Complexion Powder, a delicately perfumed powder which adheres firmly and gives the softness of youth to the complexion. In various tints for blondes and brunettes.

Crown Tooth Paste, cleansing and refreshing, leaving the mouth in a delightfully clean condition. Imparts whiteness and a pearly lustre to the teeth.



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encloses three penny stamps and will be
pleased to receive the introductory sample
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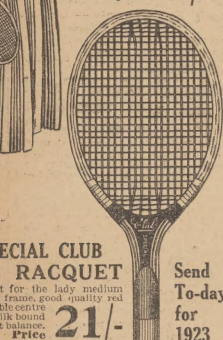
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Why is it?*

Why is it that the Canned Fruit you buy on Friday is often quite different from what you buy on Tuesday?

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Luscious fruit without blemish, packed straight from the tree in rich cane sugar syrup—pears that remind you of summer in a country orchard—apricots like those from a sun-baked wall—peaches surpassing the finest hothouse fruit—these are what you enjoy when you order “MY LADY” Fruits.

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Fruit Salad	Peaches
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QUITE FREE. 20 “Keep Smiling” real time-keeping Clocks sent every day, one each, to the first 20 Ladies stating on a postcard the most nearly correct order of popularity of the eight varieties of “My Lady” Fruits. Your grocer’s name and address (and your own) must be stated. Address p.c. to

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AT OUR EXPENSE

We are convinced that you have but to try Price's Old English Lavender Squares to be a constant user.

In this popular soap the enchanting fragrance of Lavender finds its happiest expression. Its lather is soft, creamy—its perfume lingers to the last.

Price's, Battersea, S.W. 11.

COUPON.

D.M.

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After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no ties.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands.

If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be an enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.

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Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

Address

Please write plainly.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1923.

DRIER AND DRIER!

THE ardour of prohibitionists in the United States is really becoming a little awkward for neutrals, in this great war against the "curse of alcohol."

The enthusiasts are swimming out to sea and endeavouring to make that element as dry as the "free" soil of America.

There was always indeed a territorial limit of three miles. But now all ships—foreign as well as American—are not to carry sealed or unsealed intoxicants into any American port!

We can well believe that this latest attempt to make the world safe for (unwilling) teetotallers has caused "consternation" amongst our own shipping owners.

It imposes dryness upon our crews, upon our passengers, upon everybody—so far as the journey back is concerned.

For if there's any champagne left for the dining saloons, or any rum or beer for the steerage and men, it may not be kept in bond till the good ship starts home; but will have, apparently, to be poured into the territorial waters; as tea, on a celebrated occasion, was poured into them. We hope the international consequences will be less serious. But meanwhile the foreigner as well as the American citizen is being forced to be sober.

Will it end there? Or will there be further attempts to widen the magic circle that keeps off alcohol from America?

Perhaps the immigrant will be examined by scientists, and, if it be shown that here, on the other side, border starting for the land of liberty, he took a whisky and soda, he will be kept in quarantine, as though he had been bitten by a dog, and not allowed to land until the virus has soaked out of his system.

This will keep business men dry here, as well as there, for at least a day or two before sailing.

We hope enthusiasm will not carry the prohibitionists so far. The "alcoholic nations" resent moral dictation even from friendly races overseas.

SAVING TIME.

A USEFUL warning about "the dangers of hurry" has just been given to an age too deafened by din to hear it.

Sir Hugh Allen has pointed to the paradox that nearly all our inventions are directed towards the saving of time and labour and the annihilation of space.

Yet what happens?

The world has less time, less leisure than ever. People complain, more than ever before, of overwork and "the pressure of modern life." Time, it appears then, is not really saved; or, if saved, it is put away somewhere where nobody can find it. Why do these wonderful inventions thus defeat their own purpose?

Perhaps because by reducing the moments spent in any one action of life—say, in getting from Surbiton to the City, or from London to Berlin—they insensibly compel us into filling up the gap thus created by a crowd of other actions, for which we now "have time."

The tasks no working day could once have included are therefore packed closer and tighter, and multiplied innumerable. And competition will go on so increasing them—demanding that they shall be done—so long as inventions for polishing them off increase in proportion.

Faster and faster, in this chase after a constantly concentrated time!—until a few more wars perhaps pull down industrialised civilisation and cast oblivion over our elaborate mechanism and restore space and the difficulties of communication, and so give us leisure to pursue one another with bows and arrows, as of old, instead of with gases and machine guns.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Standing Room at Football Matches—The Decay of Flag Days
—Men and Fashion—International Humour.

"RATIONING" ROOM.

I QUITE agree with your leading article that we shall have to abolish standing room at these big football matches.

The idea of rationing accommodation is already gaining ground.

It is quite evident that people will not be turned away at the doors—they will rather break the doors down than go without a view of the match.

Surely it follows that they must not be allowed to reach the doors. Once they have got there, it is too late to turn them back. But you cannot prevent them from going if you allow standing room.

C. S.

THE WEMBLEY POINT OF VIEW.

ON Saturday it took me four and a half hours to reach my home at Wembley, after leaving my office in Westminster at 12.20.

I waited three of those hours on Queen's Park

FLAG DAYS.

MOST people will be glad to see from your news columns that flag days are "on the wane. No doubt most of them are "honestly conducted," but that is not the only question. The point to consider is that they are becoming a great nuisance to everybody but those who sell the flags. One is so tired of being attacked by persons holding baskets of favours.

Lime-street, E.C.

A CITY MAN.

LAUGH AT ONE ANOTHER!

I JUST adore the English, but—how like an Englishman to hear nothing but his own laughter.

I don't know whether or not I had the good luck and fortune to be the beautiful young American who was sitting next to your correspondent, Mr. Winyard, when he complained that we are incapable of laughing at the jokes against ourselves in the play "So This is Lon-

FARMER GILES IN LONDON: No. 8.



He visits a club and finds that there isn't much you are allowed to do there!

Station, not daring to attempt to get in any of the trains, which were bombarded by hordes of fighting and swearing men.

When I did eventually arrive at Wembley I had to fight my way through the multitudes in our little village—usually so peaceful—to reach my house by the Stadium. The place was transfigured by dirty stalls, etc., and I saw one long stream of ambulances coming from the ground.

Never shall I forget the sights I saw on Saturday.

A DISGUSTED WEMBLEY GILF.

FACIAL ADORNMENT.

SURELY the young men described by Mr. Edwin Pugh form only a very small proportion of the population? Most men don't in the least worry about incipient side whiskers and the rest of the facial adornments he describes. One loses one's interest in these vanities and fads after the age of twenty-five.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

THOSE BOOK BORROWERS.

IT is a long time since I have lent a book to anybody.

Seldom did I have one returned, and those that were returned were in a very dilapidated condition. I would often find the leaves "dog-eared," and some of the pages seem to have been read at breakfast, for I occasionally found small stains of coffee on them. Others had spots of wax on the covers, as though candles had been put out with them.

TIED OF LENDING.

don." I do know that his deductions are as erroneous as his inferences.

A visit to the New York theatres would speedily convince him that the American spends half his time pulling his own leg.

What I say, therefore, and what I think we all say, is "Let us go on laughing at each other—and the more laughter the better!"

Laughter nips enmity in the bud.

MAISE WILLOUGHBY.

ANALYSING AMERICANS.

AMERICA is the most cosmopolitan country in the world.

How, then, can we distinguish the true American from the "Yank"? Half the visitors from the States are Germans, Jews, Austrians, Slavs, etc., yet the term "American" embraces them all.

Truly this makes analysis very difficult!

C. J. K.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 1.—About this date, hardy biennials should be sown in the open for providing plants for next year's flowering. Choose a sunny bed of light soil, and sow thinly in rows.

The following are the best biennials for garden decoration—coreopsis grandiflora, Canterbury bells, forget-me-nots, sweet-williams, wallflowers, hollyhocks, foxgloves and rockets. Later on the resultant seedlings must be pricked out into good ground and kept hard and watered throughout the summer. E. F. T.

SHOULD PARSONS GO IN FOR SPORT?

A REPLY TO CRITICISMS OF THE CRIBBLE.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THE feeling is abroad that it is high time for parsons to "do something" to recover their influence over a generation which has grown indifferent to spiritual things.

It is a feeling which appears to be agitating the clergy themselves even more than it is troubling the laity.

They are putting their heads together and trying to give each other useful hints; and here is the solution recently propounded by the vicar of St. David's, Barnsbury:—

"Many parsons," he said the other day, "make a tremendous mistake in not entering into the sports of the people."

Not merely "a mistake," he it observed, but "a tremendous mistake."

I wonder.

It is no more my desire to depreciate sport than to speak disrespectfully of parsons; but it is not my experience that excessive anxiety to "spot a winner" or forecast the result of "cup-bies"—or even the habit of riding fearlessly to hounds—appreciably enhances any man's spiritual influence.

Nor am I aware of any reason why it should do so.

Some sporting parsons have, no doubt, done good work in their parishes and been highly respected by their parishioners.

The famous Parson Jack Russell, for instance, not only hunted, but kept the hounds, and he certainly set an excellent example of manliness tempered by piety.

AN AFFECTED INTEREST?

Yet even Parson Jack is nowadays remembered only as a sportsman who was openly unafraid of his bishop, and completely forgotten as a Minister of the Word.

Indeed, one may say, without fear of contradiction, that no man who has entered into the sports of the people with sustained and conspicuous zest has ever set his mark on religious thought, and that none of the divines whose names are landmarks in religious history have given much of their superfluous energy to the pursuit of the fox, to horse-racing, or to any sort of game.

Cardinal Newman did so as little as Savonarola; General Booth as little as Calvin or Pusey or Keble.

It takes, it is true, "all sorts to make a world"—a clerical world no less than any other; and there is no reason why a man who is genuinely interested in, say, cricket, should not also be intensely interested in religion.

The case of the Mr. Studd who became a missionary in China would very properly be thrown in the teeth of any who denied it.

One cannot picture Cardinal Newman struggling in the "scrum" as if he were resisting Satan, or John Wesley competing for spiritual influence as a "gentleman rider," or General Booth entering for the diamond skulls.

Whence it would seem to follow that the "tremendous mistake" is made not by those parsons who refrain from entering into the sports of the people, but by those who try to curry favour with the populace by affecting an interest in sport which they do not really feel.



Keep the Roses Blooming!

In spite of hard work, wind and exposure, keep the roses glowing in your cheeks. The daily use of OATINE will keep YOUR skin smooth and soft, aglow with the flame of health. Wind and rain can't spoil the delicate beauty of the complexion if OATINE is employed. Soft and attractive always, in spite of hard weather and hard work—that's the OATINE skin achievement.

Oatine
FACE CREAM

THE OATINE CO., 116, Oatine Bldgs., London, S.E.1



Silver embroidered georgette fashions this gown.

YOUR COLOUR.

SO MUCH DEPENDS ON YOUR CHOICE, FOR CLOTHES REVEAL PERSONALITY.

EVERY woman should possess some knowledge of colour combinations and their effect on the complexion. What is more pathetic than a drab, dark-skinned woman dressed in brown? It gives her the faded colour of dead leaves. On the other hand, dress her in rich violets, purples, creams and subdued greens, and notice the animation and depth it brings out of the skin.

Now take the very fair blonde. At night she is set off by vivid colours, such as azure,



Let your hat supply a note of colour.

rose, pale yellow or pale green. Sometimes a bright red is flattering. In the daytime all pastel shades of browns or black may be worn. Then there is the blonde with red tints in her hair and the rather ordinary skin. White is one of her best colours, as it purifies the skin and sets off the hair tints.

This type of blonde should never place yellow near her face, but certain shades of violet are pleasing. Blue is the standard colour for blondes, because it heightens the yellow of the hair and deepens the blue of the eyes, but to the brunette it is entirely unsuited. Women with fair skin and grey or blue eyes are classed as blondes regardless of the colour of their hair!

Black is becoming to all clear-skinned women, but a woman with thin and sunken cheeks should never have dark shades below her chin. The red-haired woman may be pale or florid. The pale type will be set off by shades of green or blue—green, as they bring out red and gold tints; the florid type must shun green, as it will give her a brickish hue, but she may wear a pale primrose, or henna, or warm tan, to tone down her skin without neutralising her hair.

Bright orange seldom suits anybody. Once in a while we see a brunette who can wear it, but it must be used very discriminatingly. Corn colour suits almost every type.

RICE DISGUISED.

CHOCOLATE and rice pudding is as appetising as it is nourishing. Put a pint of milk and two ounces of rice into a double saucepan. Mix an ounce of chocolate powder with a spoonful or two of milk and add. Cook till soft, add sugar to taste and a little vanilla essence and serve.



On the left is a bag suitable for the bride's gift; the centre picture shows a new way of wearing the bridal wreath, while (on the right) the finger posy is novel.

MRS. AMERICA AT HOME

IS SHE THE FINEST HOUSEWIFE IN THE WORLD?

By MAY EDGINTON.

THAT slender vital beauty, Miss America, is a well-known, much-admired and much-criticised neighbour of ours; that delightful youth, Young America, with the hair swept back from a perhaps too-perfect brow, has looked out at us from the pages of magazines for years; but it is of Mrs. America that I feel impelled to write.

I have just returned from my third visit to the States, and it is to Mrs. America that I yield the palm for vivacity and beauty and intelligence and ardour and kindness and a dozen other adorable qualities all rolled into one nervous personality.

Mrs. America is a busy woman. None of her English sisters who have not seen her at home know how busy she is. She is a fine housewife—the average Mrs. America; taking her up and down the huge country and not judging her by her somewhat exotic prototype in the large cities. There is no finer housewife in the world. Servants or no servants, Mrs. America's table is a delight to the eye and the palate; her catering is as good as you will find anywhere, not excepting France. Her children, a little precocious to our ideas, are vigorously attended to and educated. Her mind is on the alert, occupied with problems of the day, concerned for them. She throws



Miss May Edginton, the well-known authoress, is eulogistic in her praise of American women.

herself exuberantly into her available social life at moments when the average English housewife would flop into the nearest chair and exclaim: "Oh! I'm too tired for that!" She belongs to clubs, sits on committees for improving everything within her radius—and with such a mind it is astonishing how wide her radius becomes. She thinks; she talks. . . . Well, perhaps she talks a little more than she thinks; but that is the result of her vitality, the enthusiasm of her national youngness.

She seems untired; she seems to think the old world is quite new.

(Perhaps she will manage to give us new worlds for old?)

No heavy-headed philosophies instruct Mrs. America. She wants to find out all about everything for herself; and when she has found out, she just fights to express herself in what she has decided is an appropriate manner. She decides for her self.

She decides according to her ideas, and her ideas are high. They are so high that to all the old women—old in their nationalities—watching their troubled and troubling sister, they seem impossible.

Never mind. She has the ideas, and she goes right out after every one of them with every nerve in her body.



Panier frock of shrimp-pink taffeta.

WOMAN OF THE WEEK.

ANOTHER OF PRINCESS MARY'S BRIDESMAIDS TO FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE.

THE engagement of Lady Rachel Cavendish, which would have caused a flutter of excitement in Mayfair—and elsewhere—if the royal wedding had not intervened, is now the social event which is food for discussion at the commencement of the season.

Her engagement to the Hon. James Stuart, youngest son of the Earl of Moray, was announced only a day or two before the royal wedding was solemnised in Westminster Abbey, and the fact that she was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids gives substance to the belief that a bridesmaid will be engaged before the year is out.

Lady Rachel is the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and has been described as "a dark-haired and vivacious girl of twenty-one."



Lady Rachel Cavendish.

This description, however, is inadequate, for she is also a studious reader of modern literature and a tolerant and appreciative critic of modern drama.

But her chief pursuits are mainly confined to fox-hunting (when in season) and other sports in which the skilful management of horses is required.

She had an exciting hunting adventure when following the High Peak Hounds last December.

After jumping a stone wall her horse took the bit in its mouth, and finally landed her in a pond six feet deep.

Only an hour or two later Lady Rachel appeared on the same horse, having swum out of the pond and followed the hunt in spite of her wet clothes.

Last July a brilliant ball was given in her honour at No. 2, Carlton-gardens. On that occasion she wore her bridesmaid's dress of silver and blue.

A SPRING POSY.

THE sweetest early spring posy is a handful of pussy willow sprays—rose-red velvet buds on russet twigs—set as naturally as possible in a brown pottery jug with a creamy tip. Among the willow sprays, a few pieces of honeysuckle green look charming. Both "pussies" and honeysuckle leaves are to be found just now in most country lanes and woods—and many suburban nooks—by anyone with an observant eye. The willow sprays should be cut with a knife, for they are tough, and pulling destroys the parent branches.

SPRING AND OUR HOUSES.

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR WINDOW A THING OF BEAUTY.

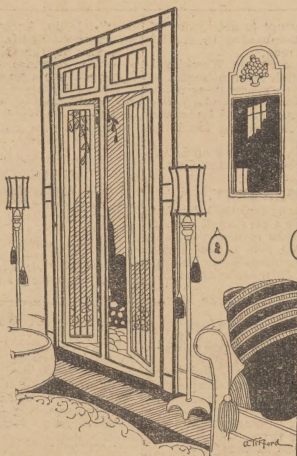
THIS is the time when we all begin to wear a preoccupied "time to order the sweep" expression, and there are new curtains in our eyes.

Spring is very cruel to our homes. Winter now is kind. Drawn curtains and a flickering fire, the shaded reading lamp, the gleaming tea tray are our trusty allies.

Guests who draw close to your tea table care little if your rugs are moulding provided your muffins are well buttered.

But in spring there are no fireside compensations. Spring is cruel.

It reveals carpets that ought to be beaten within an inch of their lives if they are ever to regain their pristine beauty; curtains robbed by the dirt and dreariness of winter of their once youthful charm. But why go on? We all know what



Black and primrose is a safe colour scheme.

spring means to us, whatever the poets (who found a gold mine in spring and are naturally tenderly disposed towards it) have to say.

You should be the chief picture in your home—the surroundings merely the frame, and that frame should express, not too insistently, your personality.

But oh! how often these frames need regilding!

The accompanying sketch showing a decorated window is a suggestion that may come in useful when you are wielding the spring-cleaning paint brush.

The woodwork is outlined with this, and stripes in variegated colours are painted on the glass.

A splendid afternoon's occupation for your artist friend. But if you haven't a steady hand and a nice colour sense, don't attempt it.

PHILIDA.



Miss Susan Cloughton, daughter of the late Canon Cloughton, is appearing in the Gertrude Jennings play at the Globe.



Miss Valeaka Uhlig, only daughter of the late Mr. S. H. Watson, Welsh Guards, is engaged to Mr. S. H. Watson.

THE KING AND THE TURE.

"Robot" Possibilities—Some Academy Portraits—The New Morgue.

THE KING went to Newmarket yesterday, travelling by motor-car. His Majesty will return to-morrow evening. To-day he will watch his horse Swindley in the Two Thousand Guineas, which is the first "classic" race of the season. Other well-known owners who are directly interested in the race are Lord Lascelles, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Derby, Lord Woolavington and Lady Nunburnholme. The Queen remained in London, and last night visited the Apollo Theatre.

The Betting Tax.

Sir Leonard Brassey, who will probably be elected chairman of the Government Betting Tax Inquiry, has been a member of the Jockey Club for a quarter of a century, and has been the Senior Steward on two occasions. His wife is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and a sister of the Duchess of Northumberland. Sir Leonard is an old Yeomanry officer and a keen horseman.

Bourbon Engagement.

My Paris correspondent tells me that very shortly the engagement will be announced of the Prince Sixte de Bourbon Parme, the brother of the ex-Empress Zita, and brother-in-law of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, with the daughter of the proprietor of the great French armament firm, Mlle. Schneider.

In the Academy.

Sir John Lavery, who returned from Provence last week, will have several works on exhibition in the Academy, and some of us will have an opportunity of seeing them next Friday—private view day. I am told that the artist's outstanding efforts are portraits of the Duke of Sutherland and the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill, Sir John Lavery's daughter.

Maurice Drake.

English fiction sustains a severe loss in the death of Maurice Drake. Though more widely known as a novelist, Drake's real passion was stained glass, and I think his happiest hours were those spent in the studio under the shadow of Exeter Cathedral, in which his family had laboured for close upon a hundred years.

Greenery in Mayfair.

Laudable efforts to brighten London are being made by householders in Mayfair, but I have not yet seen anything quite so "bright" as Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth's house in Curzon-street. Every square inch of the front, not omitting the area railings, is painted a vivid apple green and the house can be sighted from afar off. Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth is sister to Lady Maude, widow of the Mesopotamia hero.

The New Profession.

Mr. N. B. Hartnell, who was partly responsible for that merry production by the Footlights Dramatic Club at Cambridge, "The Bedder's Opera," tells me that he has adopted dress designing as a profession, like several other bright and artistic young men.

While up at Magdalen he was a prominent figure in amateur theatricals, and was responsible for many clever caricatures in "The Granta."

Dress Designs.

Since he left Cambridge he has been designing dresses for a well-known Mayfair costumier, and engaged to create costumes for a new theatrical production. He designed most of the costumes in "Battling Butler."



Mr. N. B. Hartnell.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

At Cowes.

Major Philip Hunloke and Sir William Portal are staying at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, Cowes, and the former will inspect the King's yacht Britannia during his stay. Viscount Gort arrived a few days ago at Cowes with his new boat, the Carlotta. He brought it round from the East Coast.

A Chauffeuse.

The Countess of Lindsey, who is just back from Italy, is very partial to the Continent. Lady Lindsey—who must not be confused with the Lindseys who spell their name with an "a"—is one of the few people who stick to the war-time practice of employing a woman driver for her car. Even when she and Lord Lindsey go motoring abroad they still have their chauffeuse, who wears the trim uniform of the Women's Legion.

"The Dirty Half Hundred."

A book has been published on the war record of the 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment. This regiment is popularly known as "The Dirty Half Hundred," the reason being that the men, when in action in hot weather, were in the habit of wiping their faces with their black cuffs, thereby creating a very distinct "impression."

Robots.

It is generally considered a great achievement for an actor to have created (with the playwright's help) a really human character on the stage. But the creation of a half-human character is the achievement of Mr. Leslie Banks, who takes the part of the Robot, who revolted in Karel Capek's play, "R.U.R.," at the St. Martin's Theatre. Mr. Banks has made a terrifying and sinister figure of this factory-manufactured automaton and has not, as yet, received nearly enough recognition for it.



Mr. Leslie Banks.

Possibilities.

But although he appears frightful and uncanny, there is little doubt that the Robot he has presented will soon be the subject for stage skits and jests. Points about the Robots are that they can be fed on their cost £25 to make ready-dressed, and if there is any defect in them they are sent to the factory stamping machine to be destroyed. What a chance for George Robot—Robey, I mean.

Off to Germany.

Mr. Basil Dean, feeling he can leave "R.U.R." to its own success, has gone to Bad Oeynhausen in Germany to meet Delius, the composer, who is going to write music for James Elroy Flecker's poetic drama "Hassan," which Dean will produce at His Majesty's in the autumn. The best-known works of Delius, who is a Yorkshireman, are "Sea Drift" and "A Village Romeo and Juliet."

The Morgue.

The old Paris Morgue, with its grim traditions, has been replaced by a modern institution, and the famous building, which was one of the sights of Paris, is to be pulled down this month. There is great competition for the stones, and my correspondent tells me that a well-known poet of futurist tendencies has made a bid and proposes building a study with them, while a still higher offer has come from two Americans, engaged to be married, who propose to build a honeymoon hut.

"Love in Pawn" Redeemed.

Mr. Roy Horniman, the author of "Love in Pawn," at the Kingsway, tells me that the play is going splendidly now. "The alterations I have made," he said, "are interesting, but the real difference between the old version and the new is that it is 'getting over.' This is the play which the company is now running on a co-operative system."

Glasgow Copies London.

A Glasgow magistrate, Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell (who opposed Mr. Bonar Law at the General Election) picked up a wrinkle when he was in London last week and is recommending that in future the lamp posts of the Second City should be painted silver with a scarlet band about the centre. The "Brighter London" movement is thus extending

Something of a Theosophist.

Sir Michael Sadler, the new Master of University College, Oxford, is something of a theosophist. He is interested in the "Star in the East," that movement which embodies the theosophist hopes of a Saviour, and their ideals. It will be interesting to see how theosophy, which has attracted other former officials of the Board of Education, intrigues University College, which is accustomed to genial, enthusiastic heads, and will find another in Sir Michael.

The Old Master.

Dr. Macan, the retiring Master, is more like a genial, handsome, country squire than a don and closely resembles the late Sir Everett Millais. His humour and delightful personality make him the ideal chairman of a meeting—even on simplified spelling. This is one of his pet causes, and he has done much for it in Oxford and elsewhere. Theosophy will be a little change for the college.

Buttercup Day.

The sale of buttercups in aid of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital for Crippled Children, which Lady Beatty has organised for to-day, should be quite a success, if one may judge by the number of well-known people who are interested. Lady Beatty and Miss Marie Tempest, I hear, are to be among the flower-sellers, and at Claridge's Miss St. John Montague will have a stall, at which Lady Muir MacKenzie and Lady Rivett-Carnac will officiate.

Athenaeum Club Legends.

The Athenaeum Club is about to celebrate its centenary by electing an exceptionally large number of new members. It is a club of many legends, the most remarkable of which are tales of thefts committed by Prime Ministers. Lord Palmerston is said to have stolen the club's chef by offering him an increased stipend. Disraeli is said to have stolen the club's copy of his own "Revolutionary Epick," because he wished to withdraw it from circulation.



Miss Fay Compton.
(A CANDIDATE.)

WHO IS ENGLAND'S MOST POPULAR ACTRESS?

SUCH tremendous public interest has been excited by a great controversy on this very debatable subject in the BYSTANDER, between leading theatrical managers, famous producers, playwrights, actors and actresses, writers and critics, that that very bright weekly has decided to put the question to the Country and is organising a great Competition which is, in effect, a Stage Favourites' General Election to decide, by public vote, who **really is** England's most popular "star" to-day.

THE CANDIDATES

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FULL DETAILS
IN BYSTANDER
OUT TO-DAY

Full details, photographs and voting papers are published to-day in the BYSTANDER. There are big cash prizes for readers who succeed in giving correctly, or most nearly correctly, a list of ten actresses (selected from the above) in the order chosen by the majority to be the most popular. To-day's BYSTANDER is a wonderful Royal Wedding Number. The demand for it is extraordinary. To make absolutely certain of a copy,

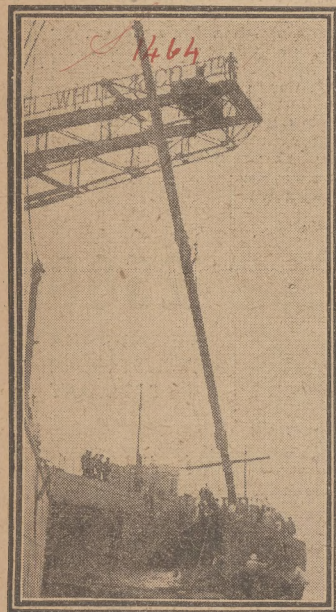
BUY YOUR BYSTANDER TO-DAY

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THE KING'S YACHT TO RACE AGAIN



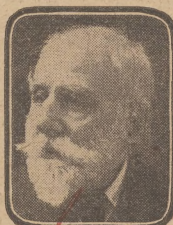
The King's yacht about to take the water again. Below, the mainmast arriving.



Placing the mainmast in position on the King's racing cutter Britannia which is now afloat again at Cowes, Isle of Wight, after an extensive refit in preparation for the coming racing season.



The Hon. Mrs. Harold Lubbock, elder daughter of Lord Forster, whose engagement to Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease, of Warrington, Banbury, is announced.



Sir Guilford Lindsey Molesworth, who to-morrow celebrates his ninety-fifth birthday anniversary. He was consulting engineer to the Government of India.



BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP.—Smith (in play) and Newman in the final for the billiards championship. Smith secured a useful lead at the outset, showing fine form.

THE PRINCE OF WALES REVIS



The Prince of Wales at the grave of his cousin Prince Maurice of Battenberg in the cemetery near the Menin Gate during his visit to the battlefields of Flanders. On



BULLY AND SPITFIRE.—Mr. Dennis Eadie as Mr. Dermott in one of his frequent quarrels with Laura Pasquale (Miss Adela Mavis). A scene from the play "At Mrs. Beam's," revived at the Royalty Theatre.



WITH HER TROOPS.—The Queen of Rumania, in uniform as Honorary Colonel of the 4th Ruchiori Regiment, photographed with her favourite charger at a recent military review.



NEW BALL GAME.—Nurses at a new tennis game suitable for trapping the ball in the rop

ITS FLANDERS BATTLEFIELDS



the right he is seen with the burgomaster of Ypres being shown the progress made with the rebuilding of the Town Hall.



MAY DAY AT MINEHEAD.—Observing an historic May Day custom at the village of Minehead, Somerset. The hobby horse prancing through the streets to Dunster Castle and indulging in quaint antics, much to the amusement of the youngsters.



Royal Northern Hospital playing all space. Points are scored by no means an easy feat.



A PIGEON PAL.—The llama at the Crystal Palace Zoo with one of a pair of pigeons which are his great friends and are often seen riding on his neck and head.

THE CABARET GIRL IN THE ROW



Miss Dorothy Dickson, the charming actress now appearing in "The Cabaret Girl" at the Winter Garden Theatre, out for a ride with her little daughter in the Row.



Miss Violet Helen Abel-Smith, younger daughter of the late Mr. Francis Abel-Smith, of Coleridge Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, whose engagement to—



—Mr. Hugh Alastair Fraser, only surviving son of Sir Hugh and Lady Fraser of Stronacherry, Ross-shire, has just been announced. Both are well known in society.



IN HARNESS AGAIN.—A. C. Russell, the Essex cricketer, who gave so heroic a performance in the last South African Test match, reappearing at Leyton on recovery from his illness.



SEEN AT LONGCHAMPS.—An attractive summer model in black and white, the severity of which is relieved by a gaily-coloured sash and brightly-embroidered bag.

Shields through the ages

No. 10
THE RED INDIANS

The Red Indian has no shield, and never had one, save the tree he lay behind. His surest defence lay in attack; so with Bodyguard Soap.

It doesn't trifle with germs—it annihilates them. A happy, healthy home is the result—where young lives flourish sturdily—where the sick room is used as a box-room.

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tin
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DRINKING CHOCOLATE
WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA

For a large cup put into a saucepan a level dessert-spoonful of Cocoa and an equal amount of sugar (or more to taste) with half a cup of water. When BOILING add half a cup of cold milk. BOIL again for one minute. Whisk, and serve hot.

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PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade notice, 1s. 6d. per word.

MOTHER! Have you seen "Ideal" Spring Folding Cars from 35s. A revelation in price and value. 600 Dealers, or Illustrated Catalogue from—J. H. Manufacturing Co., 75, Strichley, Birmingham.

SUPERFLOUR has permanently removed from face with electricity ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12. Min. Tube.

COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.

DEATH.

FISHER.—On the 30th April, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Mark Fisher, R.A., of Hatfield Heath, Harlow, Essex. Aged 84. No flowers, by request. Correspondence to 8, Belair-crescent, Hampstead, N.W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

EXPERIENCED Household Workers Wanted, Ontario, Canada; situations guaranteed; good wages; whole passages money will be advanced as soon as necessary.

Apply Ontario Government Office, 163, Strand, London. TO Parents and Guardians.—The London Telegraph Training College Ltd. (est. 56 years), Cable and Wireless Telegraphy; youths from 16 upwards trained for these services and positions obtained; moderate fees.—Apply for Dept. D.M., 269, Earl's Court Rd., S.W.5.

TURN spare time into money; sell Cutlery; sample 6d.; list—Smith's Emporium, Hornchurch.

32 WEEKLY earned, easy homework plan, no canvassing; details stamped envelope.—Dean (D.M.), Durham, Sheldell.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH—Fresh from the sea delivered to your door; sample purchase 4s.; special terms for clubs, hospitals, etc.; home list free; 25 years' reputation for quality and value.—Standard Fish Co., Grimsby.

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USEFUL FREE GIFT included with all orders received during the next 10 days. Write now P.O. 20.

The E.J.R. Co. (Dept. D.M.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

DRESS.

A BABY'S charming complete Layette, 32s. 6d.; every necessary garment; dainty Swiss robes, gowns and nighties, wrapper vesta, dannels, shawls, towels, etc.; send 2s. 6d. for parcel on approval—Mrs. E. Barker, 51a, Brougham-road, Southsea.

A BABY'S superior Layette, complete, 19s. 6d.; wool matinee coats, Swiss christening robes, ombre, day and night gowns, barres, binders, vests, Turkish napkins, etc.; send 2s. for parcel on approval.—Sims, 94, King'sland, Portsmouth.

AN easy way to buy a fashionable Costume, Coat-trunk, A. Raincoat, Suit, Boots, Watches, etc., in 21 Masters, credit terms from 4s. monthly; write for illustrations and free patterns.—Masters, Ltd., 54, Hope Street, Rye, Sussex.

"BETTER now than when new," writes T. McI., of Stockport, whose Weatherproof was cleaned, retinted to original Fawn shade and reproofed by Castlebank. No matter how badly soiled your Weatherproof, Suit or Costume may be, post it to Castlebank for the inevitable Franco Barbe treatment, Gent's 8s. 6d. Ladies' 10s. 6d. Return post is paid. Ask for list of T. McI. No. 12, the interesting story price list—Castlebank Dry-cleaning, Dept. M. R., Annesland, Glasgow.

GREAT Demand for the Popular Trails Mullin; Sale 6d. Price, 6d. yd.; with 40 inches (postage 6d. extra); lists free.—(Dept. D.I.R.), F. Hodgson and Sons, City of Leeds.

HANDSOME Muskash Seal Coat 45in. long Coat, with large Roll Collar, richly lined, latest 40in. model, pattern, 28 8s.; appro.—Ladymaid, 43a, Clapham-rd., S.W.5

ADY must call complete Wedding Trouseau, comprising 12 beautiful newest designed garments; fine soft materials; genuine bargain—Miss Munro, 17a, Commercial-rd., Portsmouth.

ADY Offers lovely Macintosh, never worn, for 18s.; approval.—Nurse, 75, Gordon-road, Coventry.

MATERNITY Clothing, Robes, Coats, Skirts, Corsets, etc. M fashionable styles, keenest prices, easy terms; write for Catalogue and Patterns, post free—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

REAL Navy Serge 1s. 11½d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 11½d. 3s. V patterns free.—Baumont's, Contractors, Portsmouth.

Grafton's "Homocroft" range of furnishing fabrics possessing wonderful depth of colour and giving the effect of hand-printed fabrics.

Look for the name on the selvage.

CHAIR MANS.

CHANGE THE APPEARANCE of your rooms without changing your furniture. Garb your "easy" and your chairs with loose covers of Grafton's Cretonne. They will give new life—new pleasure—new comfort.

Being made of a "Grafton" fabric, you know they must be durable. The washable Grafton's Cretonne is made in a special width of 36ins. In original designs and colours, and with plain-coloured selvage, very helpful in making-up. Price 2 1/2 per Yard.

Name of nearest retailer, with free leaflet, "Hints on Loose Cover Making," sent on application to THE GRAFTON PRINTERS ASSOCIATION LTD., St. James's Buildings, Manchester. Look for the name on the selvage.

Renew the old—Preserve the new.

Roger & Gallet PARIS

Perfume
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Send 1/- P.O. for special Sample box of Le Jade perfume and Powder to Roger & Gallet (London) Ltd., 14, Poland St., London, W.1

Your shoes as others see them

OF appearance as of disposition it's the weak spots that catch and hold attention. And folks forget that footwear is apt to be their fatal weakness. The remedy is "Portland"—the shoe of quality that dare not "let you down," that ensures comfort, lasting looks, and a low footwear bill.

Portland

A GLOVE FOR THE FOOT

Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

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HASTINGS and St. Leonards for your Holidays.—One Hundred Guinness Competitions for Visitors.—For full details write Box D.M., Town Hall, Hastings.

TELE OF MAN for Holidays.—Bracing air, beautiful scenery; all sports and amusements; Blue Guide and sailing free; also apartment list.—M. W. Clague, 27, Imperial-buildings, Langate-circus, E.C.4.

LANDING.—Exhilarating Air, Briny Breezes; Pier Orchestras twice daily; all amusements in full swing; Guide and List, (post 2d.).—D. M., Town Hall.

NONFALK Broad Holidays.—300 Furnished Yachts, etc., for hire; 1500 tons list free, post 3d.—A. Blake's, 22, Newgate-street London.

CHARMING PHOTOGRAPHS, ETC.
Portraits, 12in. painted enlargements, 5s. 6d.; and photo.—Hewitt, 15, Windmill Mount, Leeds.

£2,000 WORTH Cheap Photo Material; catalogue, sample free.—Hackett's, 15, Windmill Mount, Leeds.

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CYCLISTS.—A monster 144-page Illustrated Bargain Book is yours, absolutely free, for postcard; it offers you 50s. better value in cycles, 25 per cent. saving on tyres and knock-out-prizes for accessories; if you want the rock-bottom best market, secure this valuable free look without delay.—Write Moorhouse Ltd., Dept. 26, Padham, Burnley.

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EDUCATIONAL.
MR. ROBERT HYETT A.R.A.M., Professor of Singing, Prepares Pupils for Opera, Concerts, etc., at West End Studio and 238, Tottenham-rd., N.W.



What cannot be done with left-over pieces!

LEMON LOVELINESS

JUST THOSE FEW MINUTES AT NIGHT THAT MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

ALL women who value their complexions and wish to preserve the fineness of their skin should regard the humble lemon as one of their greatest allies.

For whitening the skin there is nothing so effective as fresh lemon juice. Not only does it completely remove stains in a very short time, but it strengthens the skin and helps it the better to resist sunburn in the summer time and the rough action of the wind in the winter. In addition, it is one of the most thorough natural skin cleansers one can employ.

Lemon juice, having great astringent qualities, is also an excellent tonic for the skin, and, consequently, is useful in banishing lines and wrinkles, since it has a tightening action beneficial in preventing flabbiness. A famous beauty, who managed to preserve her marvelous complexion until late in life, declared that she owed the conservation of her un-wrinkled skin solely to the constant nightly use of fresh lemon-juice.

Every night a little of the juice from a sound ripe lemon should be squeezed into the palms and thoroughly rubbed into the skin until dry. Special care should be taken when applying the liquid round about the eyes, where it is advisable, instead of rubbing, to pat the juice gently into the skin, in order to prevent any sagging that might be caused by over-massaging that tender region. The lemon juice should be left on all night. After washing with warm water in the morning, a little good cold cream should always be rubbed in.

Be sure not to apply powder until all that remains of the cream has been wiped off.

KITCHEN SLATE SCRIBBLES.

ONIONS FOR NERVES. THE HOMELY CABBAGE.

AMERICA has now an odourless onion upon the market. This fact will bring joy to the heart of many who like onions, but hesitate to offend others by eating them as vegetables or even in seasoning.

The new onion is said to have all the flavour of the ordinary onion, but none of the reminiscent taste or offensive odour. The onion is usually regarded by numbers of men and women as the most healthful food in existence. It is a remedy for nerves, insomnia, and throat troubles, so there is a great future for the new onion if it lives up to promises.

Caruso, perhaps the greatest opera singer the world has ever known, helped to keep his voice rich and mellow by a daily diet of onions.

Onion soup is a speciality of most French and Italian restaurants, and a well-known French chef gives this excellent recipe for it:—Take three large or six small onions; peel, slice, and put in the frying-pan with two ounces of butter. Stir until browned, then put the contents of the pan into a saucepan with two quarts of good stock. Boil slowly for half an hour or more, and add pepper and salt.



Even dish-washing can be quite good fun.

IT is time the British housewife brought the imagination she shows in the preparation of cakes and sweets to bear on the vegetable course. In no other country in the world are vegetables so casually treated as in England, in spite of the well-known fact that the more vegetables eaten, the better the health.

It seems that so long as it is possible to cook vegetables by placing them in boiling water and draining them when cooked enough, boiled they always will be, by most housewives.

Now, let me give you some ideas. To begin with Cabbage. Why always be content with plain boiled or even mashed cabbage when this vegetable can be made to taste almost like a new one by boiling with equal quantity of celery, then draining both and beating them together till creamy, with a good pat of butter and pepper and salt to taste.

Cauliflowers are all right, too, boiled and masked with white sauce, but have you ever thought of beating a yolk of egg into the sauce, and perhaps a drop or two of lemon juice or a grating of mace, before using the sauce? Try this on your family to-day.

The River and Colour

MISS PUNTER TAKES THE LEAD IN VIVID CONTRASTS

WITH shrewd perception, the River Girl has discovered that nowhere can vivid colours in dress be shown with such effectiveness as in a punt or skiff, boat or dinghy.

Charming colours are always made more picturesque by attractive setting, and here little Miss Punter shows just how truly feminine she is in choosing the subtle fascination of the river as an ally in her colour schemes of dress.

Very logical! Exceeding wise!

May sunshine has lured a veritable host of pretty girls on to the river, but I swear that many of the brilliant toilettes seen recently at Boulter's Lock and Cliveden reaches, Cookham and Bourne End, Wargrave, Shipplake and glorious Henley were not the result of hasty selection.

Rather had a large proportion of delightful colour combinations been planned with calm deliberation and held in readiness for the first river holiday, when they could be worn to the best possible advantage.

On that placid stretch of river between Marsh Lock and Wargrave—so full of the song of the spring, with the Happy Valley fast changing from black-brown to tender green—I saw a fair punter clad in a magay jumper of orange silk with myrtle green edging at the throat and arms, cream serge skirt, orange silk stockings, white suede shoes, and a jazz

handkerchief blending all the colours she wore, tied in a bewitching knot around her dark bobbed head.

Regatta Island way, "an.hored" beneath a swaying willow away from the dazzling sunlight, reposed a typically English girl with

hair of gold and carmine-splashed complexion. She wore a cerise knitted jumper low at the throat, pleated skirt of lemon-yellow silk, black lace silk stockings and pink silk slippers.

Black and gold cushions completed a picture of beauty that was mirrored in blurred rippling charm.

Boulter's Lock was gay with hests of river girls. Greens, browns, yellows, reds, blue—many startlingly contrasted—were woven into a moving mosaic.

The River Girl has seized hold of the first opportunity to set the fashion in vivid colours and wonderful contrasts, and she has done it exceedingly well, knowing that the "stage" whereupon she would appear held incomparable beauties that would aid her in her daring enterprise. Little Miss Punter has appeared in yet another role—that of leader in the new craze for vivid colours, pioneer in the revolt by women against dullness in dress.



Who wouldn't feel at their best in such a frock as this, made of billowing chiffon and lace with alluring floral trails.



Keep different shoes for different occasions.

TELL-TALE SHOES.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET AND YOUR FACE WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.

THE business girl who wants to be thoroughly efficient must be thoroughly comfortable, and the beginning of all bodily comfort is well-cared-for feet.

Therefore she is a wise woman who takes care of her feet and lets her face take care of itself!

If silk stockings are worn, the best plan is to keep two pairs in wear, and wear them alternately for one day only, rinsing the feet of them in warm water on taking them off. This will prevent their getting clogged and harsh with the warmth of the feet, as they are so prone to do.

The business girl's shoes are of much greater importance than her frocks, and money spent on good shoes is always well spent.

Buy shoes which suit your tread and which follow the shape of your foot.

The foot should mould the shoe, not the shoe the foot.

Keep at least three pairs in wear, one of them a reliable wet-weather pair, preferably black. Wet feet are positively dangerous, and a trusty shoe is worth a dozen umbrellas from a health point of view!

And remember above all things that a shabby shoe (and one does see shabby shoes far more often than the unobtrusive would imagine), ill-polished, or shapeless, or the least bit down-at-heel, will "show up" the smartest-looking toilette, and stamp the wearer as a woman of much less refinement than she would have the world believe.

Ven-Yusa

The Oxygen Face Cream

THE daily use of Ven-Yusa is absolutely necessary if you wish to have a healthy skin and a blemish-free complexion.

Ven-Yusa, by its wonderful oxygen qualities, gives the skin just the aid it needs after a trying Winter and in the midst of equally trying Spring weather.

Ven-Yusa purifies the pores, promotes vitality, and enables the skin to retain a smooth and delicate texture. It is non-greasy and doesn't grow hair.

PROTECTS YOUR SKIN IN SPRING

Ven-Yusa ("Scented" or "Unscented") is sold by all chemists at 1/3 per dainty opal jar. Each jar is hermetically sealed by a waxed and sterilized cork and to prevent contamination and to preserve the cream.



THOSE BROOMS.

LOOK over all your brooms and brushes now and decide what new ones you'll need, when spring-cleaning time comes. Then make good resolves about the care of them.

Keep a coarse, strong comb in their cupboard and comb them out every day or two. Wash them occasionally in a good lather and warm water very quickly, and then rinse them with warm water in which a teaspoon of powdered alum has been dissolved. Shake them as free from moisture as you can and dry off slowly.

A CHEESE DISH.

A BUSY bachelor girl, who has a flat and lends for herself has discovered an appetizing dish—which is very little trouble to prepare. The ingredients are eight medium-sized potatoes, a little butter, cheese, pepper and salt. Do not pare the potatoes, but scrub them with a vegetable brush—cut them in halves and spread each half thinly with butter. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and lay a thin slice of cheese over the butter. Put the potatoes on a slightly greased pan, and bake in a hot oven until they turn brown and are soft.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPH—Today, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. **BATTLING BUFLER**, Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Timmins. **BOWEN**, Today, at 2.30, 8.15. **TONS OF MONEY**. **ALHAMBRA**—(Gerr. 5094.) Daily, 2.30, 8.10 and 8.45. "YOU'D BE SURPRISED." Usual prices, 5s. to 6d. **APOLLO**—2.30, 8.30. **PHYLLIS NIXON-TERRY** in **A RUFF AND FOUR WALLS**. Wed, Th, 2.30. Last, 8.30. **COMEDY**—Every Eve., ng, at 8.30. "SECRETS." **Fly Compton**, Lion Quartermaine. Tues and Fri, 2.30. **CRITERION**—9 prompt. **CHARLES HAWTREY** in **JACK STRAW**. Mats, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. **EMPIRE**. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. **"THE RAINBOW"** with **Daphne Pollard**, etc. **Gaiety**. **JOSE COLLINS** in **THE LAST WALTZ**. By Oscar Straus. Evgs, 8.30. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. **GARRICK**—8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. "Partners Again." **Edna and Ferdinand** in the **Major Business**. **GLOBE**—8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. "THE VOICE OUTSIDE." Followed at 9, Mats 5, by "AREN'T WE ALL?" **HAYMARKET**. **ISABEL, EDWARD AND ANNE**. By G. E. Jennings. Evgs, 8.30. Mats, Th, Sat, 2.30. **HIPPODROME**—2.30 and 8.15. **BRIGITTE LONDON**. Billy Merzon, Lupino Lane, Paul Whiteman and Band. **HIS MAJESTY'S**. **THE GAY LORD QUEEN**. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. **KINGSWAY**—(Gerr. 4052.) 8.30. Mat, Th, Sat, 2.30. **Arthur Wontner** as the **Moneylender** in "Love in Pawn." **LITTLE**—(Regent 2401.) **"THE 9 O'CLOCK HEWEE"**. Evgs, 9. Mats, Mon, Th, Sat, 2.45. Red, Mats. **LYCEUM**—7.45. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. "A Night of Temptation." Pop. prices, 7s. 6d. to 8d. (Gerr. 7617.) **LYRIC**—2.15, 8.15. Wed, Sat, 2.15. **"LILAC TIME."** A Play with Music by Schubert. (Gerr. 3687.) **MIC, HAMMERSMITH**. **"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."** To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, at 2.30. **MASKED THEATRE**, near Oxford Circus. 5 and 8. **OSWALD WILLIAMS** and **"THE SCARAB."** **NEW**—(Reg. 4466.) **MATHEWSON LANG** in **THE BAD MAN**. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **"MAGDA."** **PLAYHOUSE**. **Glady Cooper**. "MAGDA." Evgs, 8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. **PRINCE OF WALES**—Evgs, 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. Anglo-American Scream. **SO THIS IS LONDON!** **PRINCES**. **THE COUSIN FROM NOWHERE**. To-day, 2.30, 8.15. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. (Gerr. 3400.) **QUEENS**. **BLUEHEADS** 8th WIFE. Evgs, 8.30. **Madge Titherden**, Norman McKinnel. Th, Sat, 2.30. **REGENT**, King's X—(Museum 3180.) **THE INSIDE PLAY**. **STAR NEXT** at 8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, at 2.30. **ROYALTY**—(Gerr. 3898.) 2.30, 8.30. **AT MRS. BEAM'S**. **SAVOY**—At 8.15. **POLLY**. Mats, Mon, Sat, 2.30. **PITT CHATIM**, Lilian Davies. Extra Mat, May 10. **ST. JAMES'S**—2.30 and 8.30. **THE PRINCE OF OLE**. In **PLAIS FORTIS**. Mats, Every Wed and Sat, 2.30. **ST. MARTIN'S**—Evgs, 8.30. **J.L.H.** (Hudson's Universal Robotel). Mat, Fri and Sat, 2.30. (Gerr. 1243.) **SCALA**—**NEW THEATRE**—Nightly, 8.30. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. **THE MAJORITY** PLAYERS. **SHAFTESBURY**—8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. "Merton of the Movies." "See Mr. Tom Douglas act." Evgs, Standard. **STANDARD**—8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. **Pauline Lord** in O'Neill's **ANNA CHRISTIE**. George Marion, Frank Shuman. **VAUDEVILLE**—8.30. **THE CHARLOTTE ROYCE**. **WINTER GARDEN**. **THE CABARET GIRL**. Nightly, at 8. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.15. **WYNDHAM'S**—**Gerald du Maurier** in **"THE DANCERS."** New Play. To-day, at 2.30, 8.15. **WYNDHAM'S**. **COLLEGE**—(Gerr. 7542.) 2.30, 7.45. **Nora Bayes**, **Olivera Pollard**, **John G. C.**, **Reini** and **John G. C.**. **COLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME**—7.45. **Dorothy Ward**, **Sharon Glenville**, **Benny and Barrar**, **Fred Dupes**, etc. **PALLADIUM**—2.30, 8.45. **Nelson Kays**, **Walter Bard**, **the Great Tanne-Ko**, **Daisy Dorman**, **Will Cunliffe**, etc. **COVENT GARDEN**—Daily, 2.30 and 8.15. **LOWELL THOMAS**. **THROUGH ROMANTIC INDIA**. **COVENT GARDEN**—Last week here of **Lowell Thomas**. "Through India." 2.30, 8.15. Pop. prices, 1s. to 5s. **LONDON PAVILION**—Ger. 703. 2.30, 8.30, 2.30, 8.45, 6d. **Hunting Big Game in Africa** with **Gum and Gals**. **POLYTECHNIC HALL**—2.30 and 5.15. **Dugmore's Big Game**. 8.15. **HAZING THE ARMYWAY TO INDIA**. **NEW GALLERY**, Regent-st.—**Royal Wedding**. 8.15, 9.20, 9.55 and 9.20. **Cup Final**. "The Little Minister." **NEW OXFORD**—(Theatrum 1740.) **THE PRINCE OF OLE**. **NEW OXFORD**—**Featuring Pay Compton**. Daily, 2.30, 8.30; Sun, 7.30. **NEW OXFORD**—**Featuring Pay Compton**. A. S. M. Hutchinson's Great Novel. **Demon Cliff** art production. **STOLL PICTURE THEATRE**, Kingsway—1.45 to 10.30. **White Oak**. **Chicken in the Case**. **Royal W. 15**. **TERRY'S THEATRE**, Strand—"The Child Thou Gavest Me." **Royal Wedding**. Film, etc. etc. to 11. **DAILY EXPRESS WOMAN'S EXHIBITION**, OXFORD. Daily, 10 am-10 p.m. 1s. children half-price.

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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

GREAT BOMB MYSTERY.

At Home, Tuesday.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

A most mysterious and startling event occurred this morning. You will see by a glance at the pictures what happened: a bomb was left in our front garden, and just as the pets were examining it and wondering what it was, it went off.

Wilfred was sniffing at the bomb when it exploded, and—it would be safe to say that never has our little rabbit had such a marvellous escape from utter extinction. From what I can gather, he sprang up in the air like a rocket, and was safely caught by Pip on his way down. He was frightened, but little the worse for his astounding adventure.

Naturally, the whole household is greatly upset at this extraordinary occurrence.

Angeline declares that she has been "shaking

like a leaf" ever since the bomb went off; that she cannot settle down to her work, and is afraid that she must go home to mother.

All the neighbours have been calling in to ask what happened; most people thought we had had a gas explosion and quite expected to see the house in ruins.

Squeak has spent the last few hours in the coal cellar.

Now, what I want to know is—who put that bomb in our front garden? Did it arrive there by accident or was it put there deliberately by an enemy to blow up Pip and Squeak? I think it must have been put there deliberately, as there was a brief note found near the bomb which seemed to read: "A present to the dear pets." A present, indeed!

I feel very angry about this affair. I am determined to find out the culprits.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

LIZARDS AND TADPOLES.

Good and Bad News from the Pet World.

QUITE a budget of letters about pets this week! Mary Minter, of Eastbourne, tells me that she is "in great trouble." She goes on to say: "I have a little baby tortoise, and it will not eat anything I give it."

Well, Mary, if I were you I should tempt him with a little milk in a saucer and a dandelion or piece of fresh greenstuff. Make him a little bed of hay in a box and let him run about in the garden. Perhaps he won't eat much at first, but if he gets plenty of exercise he will probably develop an appetite.

Tony Sanders, of Birmingham, complains that his dog Bob is getting very fat. Probably Bob has too much to eat and not enough exercise. A good run every day and dog biscuits instead of meat, would get him in good condition.

Irene Peters, Bournemouth.

—You must take great care of the little lizard you have caught. Catch a few small flies and other little insects and give them to it twice a day. If I were you I should make a little "jungle" of fern and grass for it to play in. In the winter it will sleep, so you will have to prepare a box of earth, ferns, leaves, etc., into which it will retire until the warm days come round again. By the way, don't suddenly grasp it by its tail—it will possibly come off. Lizards have a startling habit of parting with their tails!

L. Deane, Brixton Hill.—Sorry to hear about your toad's broken leg. I am afraid you will not be able to mend it for him, but you take him to a vet. he may be able to help Mr. Toad.

"Anxious," Kensington.—Feed your canary up and keep him in the warm. He will probably start singing again when the sun comes out.

Joyce Metcalf.—I'm afraid this subject is rather too big for me to go into details here. I should advise you to consult some poultry farmer living near.

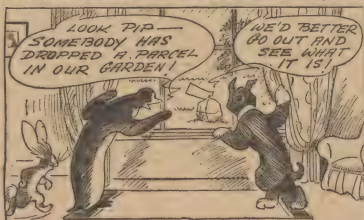
Margaret Morrisby, Sevenoaks.—From what you tell me I should think your canary is moulting. Keep her very warm and feed her with nourishing food.

C. E. Epson.—The change in the weather may have affected your goldfish. Put them in a bowl of shallow water and let the kitchen tap run gently on them for a while.

Maud Bromley.—Feed your tadpole on water weeds from streams or ponds where there are other tadpoles. As he grows and begins to develop limbs, put tiny bits of meat, insects, etc., in the water. You should change the water at least every three days.

Stanley Maple.—You can, if you like, give your goldfish bread crumbs. A few branches of box (from a local animal shop) should be placed in the globe, and the water should be changed every morning.

WILFRED'S MARVELLOUS ESCAPE FROM BURSTING BOMB



1. Looking out of their nursery window yesterday the pets saw a mysterious parcel in the garden.



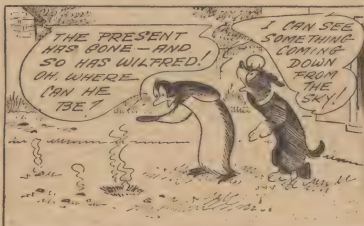
2. They ran out to see what it was, and, taking off the paper, found a big, round metal object inside.



3. "Listen—it is ticking like a clock!" said Pip. Alas, the poor dears never guessed it was a bomb!



4. And suddenly, with a terrific report, the bomb exploded! Wilfred disappeared like a rocket.



5. When Pip and Squeak had picked themselves up they looked for Wilfred. Then Pip saw him—



6. —and safely caught him as he fell from the sky! A marvellous escape! An extraordinary occurrence!

LADIES! DRAW A MOIST CLOTH THROUGH HAIR

Have a mass of thick, gleamy, beautiful hair.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little "Danderine" and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

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Uncle's so nice we call him Sir Kreemy



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ANNE OF HONOUR

By MAY
EDGINTON



Anna Land.

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

ANNA LAND, employed as a forewoman at the Garnet Printing Works, London, lives alone in two little rooms, which, mean though they are, she has made her home. She is visited by her sister Lucia, Mrs. Aveling, a German, twenty years older than herself, who has had three husbands and is rich in worldly possessions. Anna has only seen her sister once since she was a tiny tot of four—eighteen years ago. The contrast between the two sisters is marked—Lucia, rich, restless, pleasure-loving, striving to offset her material success against her spiritual poverty; Anna, young, pure, idealistic, willing to sacrifice everything to self-expression, which in her case is music. Lucia wants to help her young sister and to engineer a good marriage for her, but Anna will have none of it. She is persuaded that her own way in life is better than her sister's.

Anna has a friend, Bertie Silver, manager of the Garnet Works, a strong, saturnine individual whom, instinctively, she distrusts. Nevertheless, they are good friends and often go about together. Anna declares his love for her, but Anna is not ready for marriage yet, and tells him so. King Garnet, owner of the Garnet Works, is on a tour of inspection when he meets Anna and displays interest in her. Silver is jealous. He hints darkly to Anna that Garnet's position may not be so secure as it appears. Garnet meets Anna with his car one evening and inveigles her into driving out to Richmond to dine with him.

ANNA'S STERN SCHOOL.

THEY ran on through the silent fog, rather slowly and cautiously, Anna leaning back against the padded cushion that was more habituated to Mrs. Garnet's scented and furred shoulders than anything like this girl's shabby overcoat.

Over the river the fog was whiter and very dense, but after they left the bridge behind it cleared a little, and King Garnet relaxed his vigilance.

He glanced at her. "Tired?" He laid a hand momentarily over hers. "Are you cold?" he exclaimed.

"I am not tired," said Anna. "Just—jaded. Give me food and I shall be quite a decent companion. It's a long day, you know," she added. "At the works? I know. Nine till six? What a shame!" This voice was infused with regrets. "But I must try to make it up to you."

He pressed her hand softly and drove on. They stopped at an hotel overlooking the river and passed out of the mist-laden grey drive up the steps and into the redness of the warm glow beyond.

Anna went straightway to the dressing-room to look into the mirror. She washed her face because it was young enough to stand hot or cold water at any hour of the day. She looked long into the glass and rubbed her lips.

When she came into the vestibule again she had left her overcoat in the cloakroom and pulled her worn frock into shape with the marvellous resource of women with no resources.

It was a very pleased and anticipatory young man who established her tenderly at the table. "Cocktail?" he said. "You positively must. Of course, it's a terrible habit for girls, but then you haven't the habit, I know. And you must get up an appetite for food somehow. So, when something came, so it is velvet and cold as snow and hot as fire, she drank it.

The orchestra began to play. Anna had been very firm and austere with herself. Always she had feared the weakness. She had kept aloof with a high and faithful resolution from even such few rich things of life as came her way.

But while she imposed upon herself this stern strength, all the female softnesses in her cried out under it all the while, and urged her towards just the sort of pleasure that she was enjoying to-night. "Tell me more about yourself," King Garnet was saying.

She answered: "Well, Mr. Garnet, I don't know that I will. It's an insidious vice thinking about oneself and talking about oneself. It makes the wrong things seem too important."

"What are the wrong things, Miss Land?" "Too much self-pity," she answered, "too much self-esteem, too much introspection. I've seen such a lot of girls flattered into thinking they were the most important and attractive things on earth—just by kind men offering a little more sympathy than was good for them."

She smiled at him. "And just how much sympathy is too much for any woman?" he demanded. "Tell me that. Tell me if a girl can have too much care and petting—eh?"

"She can never have too much for herself," said Anna, suddenly realising this with a sigh. "But, oh, who can easily have too much for the good of her soul!"

"I believe you were brought up in a stern school, Miss Land."

"Perhaps I was, Mr. Garnet. My own school. I brought myself up since about the age of ten, anyway."

"You've been too harsh a teacher for yourself, then. Why not let me take the class for a bit? Let me give you a lesson," he invited.

She shook her head. After a while, his eyes on her now glowing face and warm eyes and he asked: "Why

were you so annoyed the other day, simply because I called you a pretty and amazing girl?"

"Employer and employee—" "Oh, but hang that! There's reason in everything. We're still employer and employee, if you like to say so, but—" He smiled around, and back at her triumphantly.

"Here we are." "Yes, and I love it," cried Anna.

"And you are a beautiful and amazing girl," he said promptly.

"Some day I'll look into a glass and see if I can allow myself to think so."

"Some day—when?" "When I'm a success, and can afford a little vanity—if one ever can afford it."

She spoke very seriously. "A woman can always afford herself all the vanity she knows how to enjoy. She is the better for it."

"What kind of woman are you thinking of?" "Women like you, beautiful—"

"Don't say it again. And it's just women like me who can't afford anything of the kind. We can't afford to stop and think. What an interesting soul I am! We've got to work, and get on."

"You should choose an easier way. Make men your stepping-stones."

Anna Land looked at him very squarely across the table. The perfume of the roses between them was in her nostrils; a sparkling French wine had warmed every fibre of her; the cigarette smoke went up like dreams; but her eyes were clear of any such effervescent delights. As she looked at him she saw straight—very straight indeed.

She smiled. "That doesn't pay. I've seen women in stepping-stones of men—or they thought they had."

There passed before her in review other besides Lucia: girls who had worked beside her; girls who had gone out gallily to rich reckless marriages; or rich reckless shames—deceiving themselves with all the strength of their illusions.

And then afterwards—years or months afterwards—when she had by chance seen one of those girls, she had read in her eyes what her lips desperately refused to utter; the soul's confession: "It doesn't pay."

"Every one of us," she said, "has to return value for what we get; men and women alike."

"You are a deep thinker," said Garnet, but at random, for he was looking deep into her and was troubled by the truths he found there.

"I have learned a little," she replied. "We are being terribly earnest," said Garnet, pushing aside his coffee cup to put his arms on the table and lean over to her. "And

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"You are not like other women." Her laughter rang out. "That's what they were told; and what they believed."

"You're a very disconcerting girl. But I really mean it. Truly, you do seem to me different entirely from any other girl I have ever met. I love your independence, your squareness. But all the same—" "Say it," said Anna, with a smile; "it won't hurt me."

"I was going to say: all the same, let me do something. Let me strew a few roses, open a door or two; shed a little light along the way of Miss Anna Land's road to glory. Don't be too stern with yourself!"

"Somebody must be stern with me," said Anna. "and I had better be myself. Myself can rely on. Other people—one somehow never knows what they'll do."

"Doesn't one? But suppose you can't quite get there by yourself? What then?"

"Then—I'll stay here."

The orchestra had paused to rest; but in the pause, through an open door came the strains of other music and the light shuffle of dancing feet. King Garnet looked round. "They're dancing—through there. Look!"

She looked. "Shall we?" asked Garnet eagerly. They rose and went into the dancing-room.

Garnet danced wonderfully well, by much practice. Anna danced wonderfully well by sheer instinct. She followed his steps without a flaw. There was not an instant spoiled by the briefest loss of sympathy. They danced and danced. . . .

GOING BACK.

THEY were tucked into the little coupé again and headed London-ward. She leaned back beside him, quiet but exhilarated; restful but all awake.

The evening had shone for her, starred with happiness. It had been ecstatic, the sudden, unexpected swoon into another world. The young man beside her had been a fairy prince who had whirled her out of drabness and transplanted her into a land flowing with delights. But now the hour had struck, and she was going back.

Anna Land knew that her own life looked to her much poorer, smaller, meaner than it had looked five hours ago. It was grey; unattractive. The flag was at half-mast. But she was going back, and it should be exactly the same.

She sighed. King Garnet heard her. She knew that he was sitting there, looking, listening for the next trifling thing she should say or do.

"Take your hat off; lean back," he ordered in a low voice of tenderness.

She pulled off her hat, her sleek hair remaining unruffled, close-set about her head. The hat lay on her lap, and she looked down at it—a shabby hat, soft and limp, of corduroy velvet, guaranteed not to spoil in the rain. It had cost several shillings. She knew that her evening's entertainment had cost several pounds.

She laughed. "I'd rather hear you laugh than sigh," said Garnet, smiling. "I thought you were very tired, perhaps. But that sounds better."

"I'm not tired at all now."

"Why did you laugh?" he asked, leaning his shoulder a little down towards hers.

She laughed back in the padded car. "I laughed—I don't know—at our incongruity. It seemed—ridiculous. You've been nice; I appreciate it, you know. Nice to fetch me from the works a shabby hat, soft and limp, of corduroy velvet, guaranteed not to spoil in the rain. It had cost several shillings. She knew that her evening's entertainment had cost several pounds.

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OH! MY FEET!

Try a "Reudelated" foot bath and forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callouses, or other foot troubles.

You have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

Phyllis Monkman says "Reudelated" water is wonderful. The refreshing foot bath prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates is not only highly medicated, but it also contains oxygen, an element which is Nature's own refreshing and healing agent. There is no other way in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. The "Reudelated" bath has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising; all swelling, stiffness and inflammation; any sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past. Merely cutting the top off a corn with a razor, or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous.

Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. This means something, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effect it produces. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists.

MOTHER!

Your Child Needs
"California Syrup of Figs."



Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Syrup of Figs," and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or its stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your Chemist for genuine "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Of all chemists, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Mother! You must say "California," or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

ALL ABOUT TO-DAYS RACE FOR THE TWO THOUSAND

The King at Newmarket for the Guineas.

PROBABLE STARTERS

Favourites Do Well on Opening Day of the Meeting.

The King went to Newmarket for the Guineas meeting by motor-car yesterday, and will remain there until to-morrow, and see the race for the Two Thousand Guineas to-day. Princess Mary and Lord Selkirk were also in the royal party yesterday, when the most interesting race, the Guineas Plate, was won by Pharos. Other favourites of the day's sport were:—

King.—It was announced that Jack Dempsey Tom Gibbons had been matched.

W. Tennis.—F. R. L. Crawford and Dr. A. F. Fyfe were among the winners at the North Devon tournament at Highbury.

"GUINEAS" TO-DAY.

Legality's Fine Chance of Winning First Classic of the Season.

By BOUVERIE.

From what I can gather there will be about ten runners for the Two Thousand Guineas to-day, and unless there is another able turn-up to rank with the surprises already provided by White Bud, Glass Idol and Dry Toast this season the winner will run from Legality, Twelve Pointer, Papyrus and Pharo.

Four have really solid claims to classic honours, but lurking in the background are twelve others, and the man who can be

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

5.—LOVE OIL F.	3.50.—PERHAPS 40.
6.—HOLY WILLIE.	4.0.—SCHEHALLION.
7.—LEGALITY.	4.0.—APPLEBY.
8.—DOUBLES.	5.0.—TANGLEWOOD.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
HOLY WILLIE AND PERHAPS 50.*

being confident about any one in particular is the result of the experience, but at best is only a slender chance against the Duke of Portland's colt should have come to the fore yesterday. The Duke of Portland's colt should have come to the fore yesterday. The Duke of Portland's colt should have come to the fore yesterday.

LEGALITY FANCIED.

Choice is Legality, undoubtedly the best last season's two-year-olds. Now that Town and has gone, no secret is made of the fact that the Duke of Portland's colt has made excellent progress since his juvenile, and much as Legality is fancied the Ascot form suggests strongly that Legality will prove his superior.

Legality, I shall not be surprised to find Twelve Pointer also in front of Papyrus. In the case of the confidence in Parth to confirm the earlier form with the Duke of Westminster's colt that result was one of the mysteries of last year, and, coupled with Parth's success at Epsom recently, it points the moral that the Duke of Westminster's colt prefers the ground on the soft.

It will not be that to-day, and I expect to Legality beat Twelve Pointer and win. In addition to Papyrus, Basil Jarvis also has a chance, and much as Legality is fancied, but the first-named seems hardly good enough, and the stamina of the others is under question.

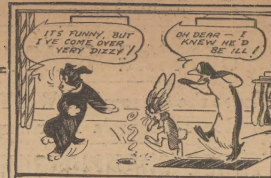
Legality is another doubtful stayer, and, though fit and well, the task appears a bit too big for him. The probable starters and their chances are:—

10.—Mr. A. de Rothschild's (Sir J. Childs)	11.—Chidley
12.—Mr. S. Whitburn (Mr. S. Whitburn)	13.—Elliot
14.—Mr. J. Robinson (Sir J. Robinson)	15.—McLachlan
16.—Mr. J. Robinson (Sir J. Robinson)	17.—McLachlan
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A Shock for the Pets: See Page 15.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Willfred goes on a little journey—

—see amusing pictures on p. 15.

MYSTERY OF A BANDAGE

LOWLAND VALLEY'S MEMORIAL GATE TO ITS FALLEN



Sir Basil Zaharoff, the "mystery millionaire," leaving the Carlton Hotel yesterday. His ordinary atmosphere of mystery is increased on this visit by the bandage on his face.



Right picture, General Sir Charles Monro (centre), who unveiled the memorial during the dedication by the Rev. A. W. Finlayson (right) of a gateway at Lennoxton, Stirlingshire, in memory of the 103 men of the Valley of Campsie who fell in the war. Left picture, Sir Charles Monro inspecting a parade of ex-Service men.



Mr. Alan Hollis, who is playing Captain Bastling in the "Gay Lord Quex" at His Majesty's Theatre. He recently returned from a South African tour.



Mr. Vincent Evans, formerly a colliery worker, has studied art and is now appointed head of the art section of a New Zealand technical college.



MOTHER'S BRAVERY.—Mrs. Basham, of Tottenham, with her baby Doris and daughter Florrie. Returning home, she found her house on fire and dashing in brought the two children out from a burning back room.



ROYAL DUKE'S BIRTHDAY.—The Duke of Connaught, who yesterday celebrated his seventy-third birthday, during the walk he took in the Mall and the Park before breakfast.



HOMAGE TO MAY QUEEN.—A young maid of honour paying her homage to the new May Queen yesterday. This charming picture was taken during the Browning Settlement celebrations at Walworth.



WEST INDIAN CRICKETERS.—Some of the West Indian cricket team, thirteen of whom landed at London and three at Bristol. They will practise at Lord's and the Oval until their first match on May 19.